

WHEN YOU RENEW
ASK SOME OF YOUR NEIGHBORS
TO SUBSCRIBE WITH YOU.

The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 3.

A HIDDEN FOE.

A Story of Love and Mystery.

By G. A. HENTY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CARNE'S HOLD," "GABRIEL ALLEN, M. P.," "THE PLAGUE SHIP," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER I.
It is an early November day in the year 1822. Fine rain is falling, and leaden clouds hang low in the valley. A dull, murky, depressing day anywhere, but more so in Bath than elsewhere.

It was getting dusk now, and any one passing down Royal Crescent, who chanced to look up, might have seen the glow of a bright fire in the drawing-room of No. 102. Lady was sitting there alone, looking into the fire, and, indeed, there was no temptation to look outside, the great meaningless columns between each house—columns which support nothing, and whose sole object appears to be to limit the view of the inhabitants—confined the prospect to the garden in front, and to the tops of the leafless trees in the park below, beyond this the falling rain and the thickening gloom shut out the prospect.

Mrs. Clitheroe, the lady gazing into the fire, was a woman of some 45 years of age. Her figure was well formed and would have been stately had it not been for its stiffness and the absence of grace in her curves.

She was sitting there bolt upright, although in an easy chair, and indeed no one had ever seen her in a more comfortable posture. Her hair was light and still untouched by age, her eyebrows were thin but regular, her hair was cold gray, her lips thin and set, her teeth together, her nose well formed and straight.

Mrs. Clitheroe was a leader of society in Bath, and was a power there: a woman who was respected rather than liked, and who owed her position as much to her own determined will and character as to the fact that she belonged to one of the oldest families of the county.

The next morning Mrs. Clitheroe twisted round her finger as she sat looking at the fire was a short one:

MY DEAR AUGUSTA—I want to have a talk with you. Will you draw me a circle tomorrow? We can talk more comfortably than at your place, where callers come in every minute.

Your affectionate brother.

ALGERNON.

What could Algeron want to speak to her about? Had he heard that Philip and she were living beyond their income? No, it could not be that. If it were not that what could it be?

What Algeron should remain single was a question which she had puzzled for many years.

"It would be nothing short of cruel wrong to Philip," she said to herself, "but no, it cannot be that; Algeron loves his own way and his own ease too much to risk putting himself out by marrying, besides, if he had the least fancy for one woman more than another I must have noticed it, for I know every one he does, and he is at Bath every day. Still, I cannot understand this note; he drops it in once or three times a week, and we have to say that is so important that he should arrange for a special meeting in this way."

But Philip Clitheroe did not make his appearance at the court next day, and Mr. Corby understood that his sister for some time past had kept the secret to herself.

"It is just like her. She thinks perhaps I may change my mind, but she is mistaken if she does. I will start tomorrow morning. When I get to town I will hand over to Ferris the certificates of marriage and baptism and tell him the story. It is just as well that he should have the documents in his possession. Then I will cross in the morning to Calais, go on to Paris, stop there a day or two, and then go down to St. Malo."

He touched the bell again.

"Hark! pack my portmaneau tonight. I shall be away 10 days or a fortnight. Order the docket to call me in time to catch the 12 o'clock train."

"Weak! Weak is no word for it!" Mrs. Clitheroe exclaimed, in a tone of bitter indignation. "I consider, Algeron, that you have behaved infamously. I could not have believed it of you. That a Corbyn of Corbyn Court should fall in love with a schoolmaster's daughter is astounding; that he should stoop so low as to make her is contemptible; that he should so act as to lead her to believe that he should be to her."

The next afternoon she drove over to Corbyn Court. Her brother was in what he called his study, and there for an hour they were closed together.

Mr. Corbyn had much to say, and although it was seldom that he was inclined to admit that he could even possibly be wrong, his tone was apologetic, and he concluded his relation, to which his sister had listened in silent admiration, with the admission, "I own that it was weak."

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THE MESSENGER BOYS' STRIKE.
What Came of the Blue Uniformed
Lads Demanding Their Rights.
BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHHEAD.

CHAPTER III.

HERE was little dash or splendor about the messenger boys' parade, but it drew the eyes of the crowd, and presented an impression of any procession that ever trod the streets of San Francisco.

The sky was overcast and a slow, drizzling rain was falling when the boys met at headquarters. Some of them were dressed in wait for clear weather.

"That would never do," said John Pembroke. "We told the reporters about it yesterday, and it was in the morning papers. Much faith anybody had in us if we were scared out of it by a little sprinkle of rain. We must prove ourselves men of our word."

John was to be the first aid to the chief marshal. He wore a red sash over his shoulders, and looked very trim.

The boys had their storm coats made of rubber, and reaching to their heels. On their heads they had helmet-shaped rubber hats, like those worn by firemen, having a long collar which fell down over their shoulders and kept the water from trickling down their necks. The most of them wore rubber overshoes. John's woolen suit was thick and warm, and his feet had waterproof coverings.

"Form in line, boys! Time to start!" rang out Captain John Pembroke.

Although, as the president of the association, Royal was to act as marshal of the day, he had made no pretense at any smartness of dress, but wore a uniform even shabbier than the rest; yet there was something in his face and bearing that made him conspicuous among them all.

"Where are your overshoes, Royal?" asked John Pembroke, in a low voice, with a tender consideration not common to his sex.

"I left them at home. It will be a long tramp. I can walk better without them. I never catch cold from wet feet," replied Royal, evasively. He did not want to tell even John Pembroke that he had turned the overshoes over to his younger brother, who had a cold that morning and was obliged to walk several blocks to school through rain and mud. John Pembroke eyed him doubtfully, but made no comment.

Then the pipe puffed out a shrill call, the marshal took his place at the head of the column, his sash still stood still and reviewed the line, another call sounded, and with shining eyes and heads erect the procession moved down the street, in the direction of the city's crowded thoroughfares.

"Geewhillikins, what does that mean?" cried a tall lumberman from Monroe county, standing in front of the Stock Exchange.

Down the street there came a melancholy procession of boys, headed by a sad-faced lad bearing a huge transparency, on which appeared the words: "The Same Old Story: Labor and Capital At Again."

Behind the boys came two by two, many of them carrying various transparent signs, and some of them carrying banners. These banners were crudely constructed and looked very much as if they might have been made of strips of white cloth torn from old sheets, and lettered with lampblack; but their inscriptions made up in force for anything they may have lacked in elegance. One very small boy was placarded with a scroll wound about his body several times, and reaching from his neck to the hem of his coat, which was torn.

He went through a series of slow revolutions, to enable the spectators to read the inscription, which was as follows:

"Sons of the soil! How can we take care of our mothers and sisters on forty cents a day?"

The lad stopped him carried a transparency with the significant advice:

"Put yourselves in our place. Would you like it?"

"It must be the messenger boys," explained the tall lumberman's companion.

"They struck several days ago. I'm blessed

nothing compromising to their dignity in making this acknowledgment. Didn't the iron-moulder hold conference after conferences with the owners of the foundries, and all of the dealers, and a number of contributions to their employers? That was a perfectly dignified and grown-up thing to do, I suppose. I didn't fail to tell your terms kindly, and I hope you'll take them."

"No, I can't say that he did," answered John. "In fact he didn't take them at all."

The reporter chuckled.

"Treated you civilly, like a gentleman, didn't he?"

"Very," replied the boy, cringing in spirit as he recalled the superintendent's horrible politeness on that memorable occasion.

"The Parade," said the reporter, contracting the muscles about one of his eyes and fixing it upon the boy until John felt as if it were an auger boring into the secret recesses of his mind. "Now, John, I want to ask you one question: Did you, or any of you, try to blow up Barlow with dynamite?"

"Dynamite? No, never heard of dynamite."

"Dynamite! You never heard of dynamite? I never saw any dynamite in my life," protested John Pembroke, with a great show of innocence.

"I know," said the reporter, continuing his questioning, "that the man who foiled Jimmy McCracken by selling him common fire-crackers for dynamite."

Meanwhile the situation grew a little short of desperate for some of the boys. The youths who belonged to the messenger service of the Bay District Company were simple, prosperous homes. Their earnings, small as they are, eke out slender incomes, and help to meet actual necessities in the community. But all the while the sum of his red sash gave the one touch of magnificence to the occasion.

There never was a procession so hard to keep back. Tom, Can't you see the boys in the boys in front?" "Straighten up, Sir," the boy responded, "and we're off to march in a procession. Behave yourselves, boys. What'll the people think if you're all cutting each other and cutting like this?"

When they turned around Samsone st. John reviewed the whole line as if it were a company of veterans. "How are you?" he said ten times over.

"We're going past the company's office. Don't cut up any shins when we're marching," he said again, "he said.

The procession took especial pains to move slowly past the Bay District office. It so chanced that there was a block among the velocity of the march along the main street, and the 250 boys were brought to a stand in front of the building. Superintendent Barlow had a good deal to say to the entire line with a sardonic smile, reading the inscriptions on their banners and translating them into language which the boys had never seen before. The smile broadened into an open laugh when he saw the reference to himself, and behind the curtain of the banner he disappeared in an embrace of capital, but when John Pembroke, moved by a fierce impulse, pulled little White's handcar up to the curb, and dashed it over the shoulder of the chief, he turned and retreated into the building, slamming a door behind him.

The parade had one good effect on the boys in front. "Straighten up, Sir," the boy responded, "and when we shall cease to admire and to respect the human race will have very little left whereof to be proud. We shall have come to a sorry pass when our blood shall fail to tingle to such a dead

PURE NERVE.

Stories of Pioneer Daring that Seem Almost Incredible.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

MEN here to speak of only a few of the physical phases of pure nerve, of which the West has been prolific. The nerve which shines forth in a deadly series of crevices, volvers or flashing knives is neither the highest kind, but it is a noble and an admirable quality, even when misapplied; and when we shall cease to admire and to respect the human race will have very little left whereof to be proud. We shall have come to a sorry pass when our blood shall fail to tingle to such a dead

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TO THE JURY.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JAN. 20, 1891.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

THE DAILY GLOBE—One copy per month, 50 cents; per year, \$6.00. Postage prepaid.
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THE PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

If you are in arrears when you send a theory in solution of the prize story, you are not entitled to enter the contest. Look at the date upon the wrapper of your paper, and if your subscription has expired please renew immediately. This is important.

"Character is measured, not by results, but by quality. Appearances deceive us: God sees the motive. Not by the little or much we do or fail to do are we judged, but by our intentions, by our fidelity or unfaithfulness."

DR. KOCH'S SECRET.

The mystery of the Koch lymph is now disclosed to the world. The liquid which the German man of science injects under the skin of consumptive patients consists of a glycerine solution of the dead bacilli of tuberculosis, killed by freezing or boiling.

Despite the scorn with which the homoeopathic system of medicine is regarded by German savants, the principle of this remedy is closely analogous to that which governs the physicians of the homeopathic school, which may be stated popularly and unscientifically as "like cures like."

Some of its enemies have scoffed at it as the principle embodied in the saying that "the hair of a dog is good for his bite." At any rate, the principle of the Koch remedy is that a dead bacillus is the proper thing with which to kill live ones. There is a certain analogy between this method and JENNER'S vaccination for hydrophobia. But it should be said also that the analogy is by no means perfect, and there are radical differences between the three.

It is only within a comparatively short time that consumption has been known to be a contagious disease. Like smallpox, it appears to have originated with neat cattle and to have been conveyed by them to man.

The bacilli, or minute organisms that breed and burrow in the lungs, feeding upon their substance and finally destroying it, are expectorated to some extent by the consumptive man or animal, and such expectorations are the chief vehicles of contagion. The bacilli are found, however, in the milk and meat of tuberculous cows, and it is probable that it is from such meat and milk that human beings usually take the disease. Contrary to the long accepted theory, it does not now seem probable that there is any such thing as hereditary consumption, unless the parents were actually diseased before the birth of the child. This improbability is in itself very reassuring to those who constantly dread consumption because some of their relations have died with it.

The writer who gives the most facts identical with those in the last chapter will win, and the author believes all these facts could be stated in much less than 100 words, although a few words more or less will not operate to defeat any guesser.

Each contestant is restricted to one theory.

Many guesses have already come to The Globe office from persons who overlooked the rule at the head of the story, which provided that no letters received before the next to the last chapter was printed would be considered. These letters, therefore, were destroyed. The writers, however, are now invited to write again.

All letters should be addressed to "Scott Campbell, The Daily Globe, Boston, Mass., and should be sent in season to reach the office by 10 o'clock at night on Saturday, Jan. 31.

Any letter received after that time cannot be considered, for The Globe wishes to announce the rewards and publish the last chapter with as little delay as possible. All should therefore drop their letters in the mail in plenty of time for them to reach this office by 10 o'clock at night Saturday, Jan. 31.

Surely nobody can afford for the sake of five minutes' time and a two-cent stamp to lose so fine an opportunity to win a handsome prize.

TO AGENTS.

Many subscribers can testify his appreciation of the model features of The Weekly Globe by helping to extend its circulation now, when most every one is looking around for a family journal.

It is very easy to secure subscribers to The Weekly Globe, and it does not take much of any time to get subscribers. You can secure them in space moments.

If you have not leisure, why not suggest to your son or daughter that by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe he or she may earn all their pocket money.

Only a few subscribers will give them pocket money, for The Weekly Globe pays a large cash commission.

AMERICAN POETRY.

Please look over your list of Globe subscribers, and see that all, whose subscriptions have expired, renew at once, in order not to miss an instalment of the \$300 Prize Story. All subscriptions are discontinued promptly upon their expiration, and this week quite a number of the Globe's old friends will miss their Globe, because they have not renewed promptly.

New Boston Music.

The Oliver Ditson Company have a collection, "New Waltzes from Foreign Lands," to which they add new compositions as fast as they appear. The collection contains the very best foreign works. Three new sets of waltzes are just ready. They are: "Summer Night in Munich," A. Celler, 40 cents; "Our Love," W. H. K. 40 cents; "Old England," on "Trotter," a popular song, by J. Meissner, 60 cents. They are now being played by good orchestras.

The "Babes in the Woods," by H. J. Thomas, a mime-solo, 25 cents. Mr. Bailey, reproduces for piano players some catchy music, 35 cents. He also has an arrangement of "Home Down on the Farm" for guitar, by Romero, 40 cents.

The White Smith Company bring out three sets of waltzes, by O. Roeder. They are: "Mia Bella Waltz," "I Am in a Garden Fair," Watson's popular songs, and "Little Giant Waltz," each 40 cents.

The introduction of the song into the waltz secures charming effects. It will soon be heard in all saloons. Richard Eilenberg gives in easy but stirring arrangement of the Austrian Army march, "Kaiserman," 50 cents. "Mabel," 40 cents. Mr. Bailey has the desirable qualities, 35 cents. Another of Adam Gabel's songs, "The Girl I Left Behind," 40 cents. "Bossie," Mazurka (York dance). Every number of this collection is useful to teachers, 40 cents. Among White Smith & Co.'s publications, 40 cents.

J. Wiegand, one of the choicest, it is for soprano or tenor in F, mezzo-soprano or baritone in flat, 40 cents. One in the new set of "Homes and Hearts," the Harvard, is "The Anvil Quartet," 40 cents. They reproduce from the operas of Wagner, Faust, and "Two Mariners Bound." It has portraits of the singers, Albert James and Hallie Mosby, 60 cents. In the stone editions of operas, 40 cents, and many others. "Mass in G," by Dugan, 40 cents. It is full of thought and rich in its effects, and will be ranked highly by musicians, who should not fail to examine it.

epic muse, for her slumber is guarded by the centuries. And yet America has no lack of poets who are singing the love songs and the pastorals of their country. The people do not desire epics. The American is too busy to wade through didactic stanzas, no matter how stately or metrically perfect they may be. He likes best to read those little passion songs of genius that pour out in a single note all the suppressed fires of a human heart. He likes to turn to the quarter column in the great eight-page daily, where he knows he will find something exquisite.

He is the nation's poet who sings the songs his country loves best. We do not languish for a Milton or a Pope. The age of the epic has passed away. Give us now only sweet music which steals in on our tired brains and hails them into forgetful ness of care. This is a ministerial age. The centuries revolve, and the time has again come for heart, not brain, songs.

How often we see plain, matter-of-fact business men cutting out bits of poetry from their newspapers with their pocketknives, and tucking them away in their memorandum books to read, to their wives when they get home. Why? Because those little verses sparkled with beauty; because there was something in them that touched the heart, some thought that had been in the brains of these busy men for years, but which they had not the genius to express.

The savant lives in adoration of the past. He sees only the triumphs of other ages. He does not recognize that America is working out her own political and literary destiny, careless of historical precedents, and that her poets are fulfilling their mission by electrifying the air with flute and violin rather than attempting to produce melody from that great organ over which Time has set his seal.

FRED WARNER SHIPLEY.

MAKE PENNIES WHEN YOU CAN.

For pennies make dollars, and dollars will bring you wife or your children extra spending money. Pennies make dollars, and will enable you to support yourself and get riches.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE PAYS EVERY AGENT WHO VISITS THEM TO SEND FOR AGENTS' RATES AND ESTIMATE HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN IN A DAY.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEND FOR AGENTS' RATES AND ESTIMATE HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN IN A DAY.

YOU CAN EARN A LARGE SUM IN A YEAR WITHOUT INTERFERENCE WITH YOUR REGULAR BUSINESS, OR YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER CAN DO SO OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE WISHES TO SECURE A REGULAR AGENT IN EVERY VILLAGE AND TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES.

"MEBBE TAINT SO!"

There is an immense amount of consolation in those three composite words above. She who uttered them was, as her sex often is, a poor, suffering, hard-worked,ழ어보는 old lady, and the story of the incident which provoked the utterance of this godly saying, can be told in the language of her unmeaning tormentor and husband:

"Ye see," he says, "I was a sufferin' with what I lived was consumption. One night I tem on ter'ble, an' I ached an' ached. I sends Hannah down stairs for saffar tea. She brings it an' it didn't do no good. Then I sends down again fur peppermint tea an' twaught no good. Then I sends fur spearmint tea, an' twauss wuss yet"—and so he goes on mentioning a dozen or so other "yarb" remedies "fur consumption," all of which the uncomplaining wife toils up and down stairs to procure. Finally, she is heard to mutter something as she returns from her twentieth journey, "What's that?"

"It's mebbe taunt so!" she replies. And I know where no man is lost.

And nature provides for winter without coat.

The beauty that lives within light and shade; Benevolent earth to yield from its breast.

These shadows that seem near at hand; The fears that make many sleepless terrors and wet the hot pillow with forebodings, tears, there is light to overcome, there are hopes to drive away in the thought borne on the wings of youth by favor or skill.

These shadows are destined to chop fat and feed hairy together, and when the day is liked, add some olive oil to the dressing.

These are very nice indeed.

The demonstration lesson on Jan. 21 includes fresh bean soup, coquilles of chicken, clams, liver stewed in butter, cheese au gratin, yellow gingerbread and ice cream.

VEAL CHICKEN SOUP.—Soak two tablespoonsfuls of veal bones over-night; draw, cover with water and boil for an hour. Add the meat, mix with a pint of milk and one pint white stock; add the barley, one teaspoonful salt and one teaspoon pepper; rub through a sieve, beat the yolks of two eggs, add the boiling soup and serve at once.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

Will be Subject for Next Demonstration.

Lesson.

At the Boston Cooking School this morning, the demonstrator prepared the following dishes: Cream of barley soup, braised quail, celery sauce, coquilles of oysters au gratin, cheese cream toast, ham sandwiches, brochette.

CREAM OF BARLEY SOUP.—Soak two tablespoonsfuls of veal bones over-night; draw, cover with water and boil for an hour. Add the meat, mix with a pint of milk and one pint white stock; add the barley, one teaspoonful salt and one teaspoon pepper; rub through a sieve, beat the yolks of two eggs, add the boiling soup and serve at once.

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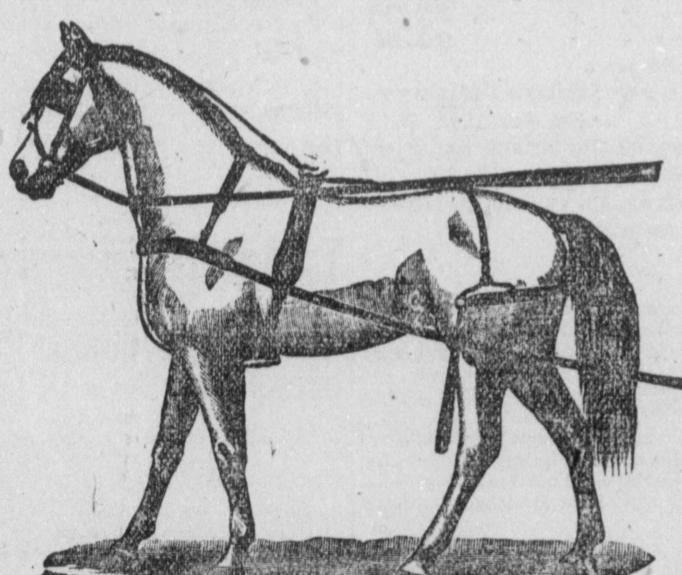
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Single Buggy Harness.

Bridle 6½ in. wide, fancy front, patent leather blinds; round side reins or overcheck; lines, flat, fair or black; fancy creased breast collar, with 1½ in. single strap traces; 3-4 saddle, patent leather skirt, full padded, fancy box loop; shaft tugs; fancy creased belly bands; fancy creased, single strap breasting; round crupper; no martingale.

We offer this harness in breast collar at \$9.25; with collar and harness, \$10.50.

You cannot buy it equal for less than \$15.00 to \$19.00 any place in this country.

Single Wagon Harness.

WORTH \$20.00.

Bridle 8 in. box loops, flat reins, patent leather blinds; lines 3½ in., flat black, 7½ in. fair hair side; harness I. O. red cloth stage; collars, stage pads, 1½ in.; leather blind, 1½ in.; leather blind stage chain; buckles, solid with flat belly bands; turn backs, 7½ in. by straps; breast straps, with snap fasteners; choke straps. Price \$15.50.

Can furnish above harness, with breeding folded with lay, two lip straps, price \$16.80.

Double Farm Harness.

WORTH \$20.00 TO \$20.00.

Bridle 8 in. P. W. stage, buckle in; lines 5½ in. all flat; harness I. O. red cloth stage; collars, stage pads, 1½ in.; leather blind, 1½ in.; leather blind stage chain; buckles, solid with flat belly bands; turn backs, 7½ in. by straps; breast straps, with snap fasteners; choke straps. Price \$15.50.

As some of our patrons prefer an all-leather trace and a little heavier harness, we furnish a harness similar in description to the above harness, but with 1¾ in. all-leather trace, double and stitched; roided belly bands; breeding folded with lay, round dock; yoke straps 1½ in.; choke straps.

This is a good, strong strong harness. Makes a good single harness for heavy hauling.

X C trimmed, with breast collar, price \$9.25.

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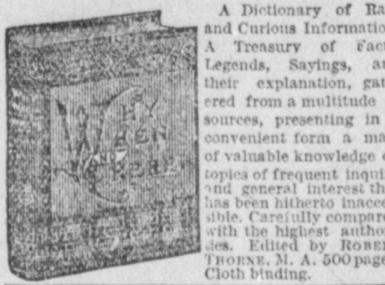
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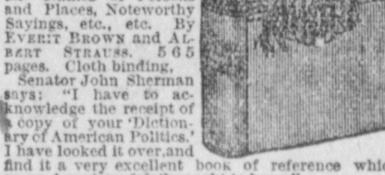
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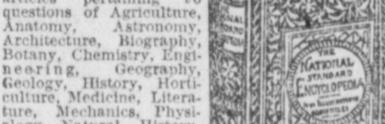
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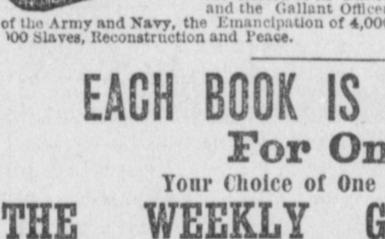
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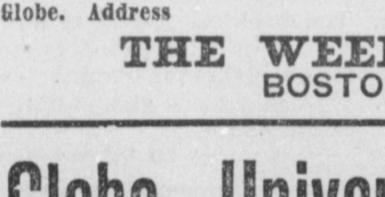
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THE REAL DR. ANGELL;

—OR—
How He Appeared to One
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It was all very well for Dr. Angell to call his office "a poor little bachelor's den," but no one who would venture to affect such nomenclature to it.

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Lacy Estcourt looked around with glancing eyes; she liked pretty things, and the exquisitely ordered place gratified her senses as one of Palmer's marble or church paintings might have done. And Blanche Wallis secretly vowed within herself to have just such a "love of a jardiniere" in her own boudoir before she was 24 hours older.

"Yes," said Mrs. Estcourt, who was the spiceman, a young widow. "We are collecting funds for a home for indigent widows."

"Squire Allan has promised us his old house by the pine gne, free of all rent or charge, and our idea now is to furnish it and engage a matron without loss of time. Only think how much good we can accomplish!"

"It is a noble idea!" said young Dr. Angell, with a smiling.

"Yes," said the pretty widow, adjusting the links of her jet chain. "I think it's a capital plan myself! And if you gentlemen will help us with a little ready money, we ladies will undertake to furnish linen, china and household wares!"

Dr. Angell smiled.

"Dear ladies," said he, "I shall not attempt to disown from you the fact that I am poor. But as I see your charity is the one encouragement in which I delight to indulge myself. Pray allow me!"

And taking a \$10 bill from one of the drawers of the inlaid secretary he laid it in Mrs. Estcourt's hand.

"Only wish it were more," said he, with a graceful deprecatory motion, as she made haste to thank him. "But I hope you will accept it in the spirit in which it is given!"

"Oh, doctor," smiled the young widow, "if every gentleman in Silver Falls will give us one, we shall be able to open the school at once!"

And as the two ladies walked away on the gentlemanly turned natural on the gentleman whom their elegant little sanctum they had just left.

"There, Lucy," said Miss Wallis, triumphantly, "what did I tell you? Don't look exactly like papa's picture of the John, with that noble forehead and the St. John's hair brush so artistically coiffed!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Estcourt; "and how beautiful he makes himself about the luxury of giving! I do like a man to use select language, instead of plumping headlong into all manner of slang, like poor Cousin Jack!"

And his velvet smoking-cap, tasseled with gold," added Blanche, enthusiastically. "Did you see it on its peg? And the carved Swede glove box on the mantel? And the sweet Turkish ciboulot, with its encrusted and amber mouthpiece; and, oh, Lucy, the perfectly fitting boots that he wears!"

"My dear Blanche, what nonsense you are talking! I am a confounded human being!" said Mr. Warren, snipping away at the bit of paper with the widow's scissors.

"Do put those scissors down, Jack!" said Lucy, a little impatiently. "A—humble!"

"A regular dead-beat!" nodded Jack. Good-looking, but shallow—smooth, but false."

"Jack!"

"Well, it's true," said Mr. Warren, emphatically.

"How do you know?"

"From the fellow's looks, to be sure!"

"Now, Jack," said Mrs. Estcourt, flushing up to the roots of her golden hair, "that is all jealousy! Nothing in the world but jealousy!"

"Just as you choose to have it," said Jack, seriously. "It doesn't matter a pin to me either way. Only mark my words, Lucy, the Silver Falls people will find out after a while."

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"He gave me a \$10 bill for the Indigo Widows' Home!" cried Mrs. Estcourt, indignantly.

Jack only whistled. "He's a humbug for all that," said he.

"He was no real of family character, else he would never have fanned the flames of his pretty cousin's evanescence with the gait of confidence. He should have loaded the young doctor with praises, and echoed every word of Dr. Angell's, for the girl, who was up and whisked out of the room, worked basket and all."

It was the afternoon of the next day that she called on her capricious little head to visit a favorite old pensioner, an ancient, toothless crone, who lived in a tenement house in the heart of Silver Falls, and who was destined to occupy one of the rooms of the Home for Indigent Widows, when that became a certainty.

"Well, Mrs. Midgetson, and how are you?" said Mrs. Estcourt, rustling softly into the room, a radiant apparition of smiles and good humor, and a tray of rose water.

Mrs. Midgetson dropped her knitting and turned a manlike pair of silver spectacles toward her, and became aware of a cascade of roses.

"What is it, Mrs. Midgetson?" said she, half alarmed.

"It's poor Lizzie Wade, dear, as is dying of consumption. And she isn't able to pay her doctor's bill, as how should she poor thing? And the doctor, he's a-taking away the thing as stood between her and her starvation."

"The old wretch!" cried out Mrs. Estcourt, with a scolding, dear, and the confusion in the room next door, with a partition between, dear, as is thicker than a sheet of iron, was itself, sweetheart, and you'll hear."

Lucy Estcourt listened, and became aware of a cascade of roses.

"What is it, Mrs. Midgetson?" said she, "I'm clean wearied out of my life!"

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Lucy laid up her finger on an anathematizing air, for at that instant the voice of Dr. Angell himself was distinctly heard uttering the words.

"There was no whispering or making a scene. You owe me \$40, and I will be paid. You haven't got the money, but you will; I can sell the maddening old pensioner, and as for me, if everybody swindled me out of my bill, as you have done. Here, carman, take this thing down stairs."

"No," replied the operator, "there is some thing written down on one corner of the page that I don't quite catch, so I put it in and I got time to study it over. Can you make it out?"

"Yes; I wrote it myself. It's 'Bush.'"

"And that will be when?" interrupted the

doctor, with a coarse laugh. "Cartman, do you hear? Take it away at once, before these women have a chance to make any more scenes!"

At present Lucy Estcourt opened the door of Mrs. Wade's apartment, and stood there like a beautiful avenging angel. "Cartman, said she, to the sympathetic Irishman, who stood in the doorway of the room, "put the machine back into its place." Here Dr. Angell, is the \$40 owed to me, and the \$1000 I have given you, if you can. And here, also, is the apostle-looking young physician cowed beneath the indignation of her eyes, the indignant Widows' Home. We want no contributions unless they are given in a spirit of truth."

And without waiting either for Elizabeth Wade's tearful thanks or Dr. Angell's ready apologies, she went back to Mrs. Midgetson's snuff-smelling room, and began to cry.

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